

Religious Notices.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Rev. H. W. Ballantine, Pastor. Public worship on the Sabbath at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Sunday School prayer-meeting, Sabbath, at 7 P. M. Weekly prayer-meeting, Thursday, at 7:45 P. M.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH. Rev. E. L. Simmons, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12 M. The Lord's Supper on the first Sabbath of each month, close of morning service. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening. Young People's meeting, Tuesday evening at 7:45 P. M. Class meetings, Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7:45 o'clock.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Rev. Albert Mann, Jr., Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 2:30 P. M. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening at 7:45. Class meetings, Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7:45 o'clock.

WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH. Rev. S. W. Duffield, Pastor. Sabbath services, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school, 12 M. Weekly prayer meeting at 8 o'clock each Thursday evening, in Chapel parlors.

CHRIST CHURCH (Episcopal). Library Street.—Rev. W. G. Farrington, D. D., Rector. Morning service, 10:30 o'clock. Second service, 7:30 P. M. except first Sunday in month, when it is at 3:15 P. M. Sunday school at 3 P. M.

HOPE CHURCH. Sunday school every Sabbath at 3:30 P. M. John G. Brown, Superintendent.

CHURCH OF THE SAVIOR. Rev. J. M. Nardella, Pastor. First, 8:30 A. M. High mass, 10:30 A. M. Vespers, 3 P. M. Sunday school, 2:30 P. M.

BERKELEY UNION SABBATH SCHOOL. Held in Berkeley School-house, Bloomfield, every Sunday at 10 o'clock. J. A. Schmitt, Superintendent. All are welcome.

WATKINSVILLE CHURCH. Rev. J. K. Ebert, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching, 10:30 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Sunday school, 2:30 P. M. Class meeting, Tuesday evening at 8 P. M. Children's class for religious instruction, Saturday at 3 P. M.

ST. PATRICK'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH. (Watkinson.) Rev. James P. Falconer, Rector. Service, Sunday, 10:45 A. M., 7:45 P. M. Sunday school, at 9:30 A. M. Seats free. All are invited.

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Rev. John M. Enslin, Pastor. Hours of service, 10:30 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school, 2 P. M. Prayer meeting, Tuesday evening, at 7:45.

REFORMED CHURCH (Brookdale). Rev. William G. E. See, Pastor. Sabbath service 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school, 9 A. M. E. G. Day, Superintendent. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening.

SILVER LAKE. Sabbath school held every Sunday, in the hall, at 3 P. M. Mr. Herbert Smith, Superintendent. Gospel meeting every Sabbath evening at 7:30 o'clock. Prayer and Conversational meeting, Wednesday evening.

ST. MARK'S CHURCH. (Bloomfield Ave.)—Sun. day services: Preaching at 10:30 A. M. Rev. Mr. Farr. Sabbath school 3 P. M. E. A. Smith, Sup't. Preaching 7:30 P. M. Rev. J. H. Cooley.

UNION GOSPEL TEMPERANCE MEETING.—Every Sunday afternoon at Dodd's Hall, at 4 o'clock. All are invited.

LITERARY NOTES.

It is related of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes during his visit to the Centennial at Philadelphia, he called at Girard College and was shown all through the building by an intelligent boy-usher who had not been informed of the name of the visitor whom he was conducting through the college. Upon arriving at the room where Stephen Girard's old carriage is exhibited, the boy explained that the old vehicle was commonly called "Dr. Holmes's One-Horse-Show." "Indeed," replied the genial poet, "I presume, of course," asked the boy, "that you have read the poem?" "Oh, yes," replied Dr. Holmes, "have you?" The boy answered in the affirmative, and assured his visitor that it was the only poem he had ever read from which he had derived genuine enjoyment. "I intend going to Boston in a week or two," said the boy, "and have wondered if it would be proper for me to call upon Dr. Holmes, because I have often wished I could see him. They say he's at the Centennial now, and I went there yesterday to see if by chance I might see him, but was disappointed." The Doctor, now thoroughly amused, advised his young admirer by all means to call upon his favorite poet when in Boston, assuring him that he had not the least doubt that Dr. Holmes would be glad to see him. Some three weeks afterwards the boy called at the residence of the poet, and was astonished to find in him the same gentleman he had conducted through Girard College. Dr. Holmes kept the lad at his home for several days, and sustains at the present day a regular correspondence with the boy, who is now employed in a large mercantile house in New York City.

Richard Savage, the Stratford-on-Avon librarian, has found a real book worm and has made a pet of him. "I found a little fellow," he says, "on December 27, 1884, in our library, in a copy of the 'Theatrum Poetarum' of Edward Phillips, 1675. He had made his way only about half an inch up the back of the book. I placed him in a small pill box, and gave him a few bits of the back of an old book for food. On looking every day, I always found him at the top of the box, so I concluded he wanted air, and I then pricked some holes through the top with a pin. He has since remained at the bottom of the box, feeding and growing till he has enlarged from about one-eighth of an inch to full three-sixteenths, and thicker in proportion. I have examined him carefully in the sunlight with an ordinary lens. He seemed disturbed by the light or heat, so I turned him on his back, and found that he had six legs at the fore part of his body, the hinder two being at about half his length; and these, no doubt, are of great use in his boring. He has a tiny dark-tipped nose, which seems very hard, and a head of a very light amber color. His body is of a transparent 'white-wax-like color,' and has hair upon it, for I noticed portions of the refuse of his mastications adhering to him, a little distance from his skin. This is the third I have found here: the first in August last, which I foolishly destroyed. The second was found on December 26, and lost; but the present specimen is alive, and apparently in good health, this day."

Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, who is pronounced by many to be the handsomest gentleman in the world of letters, is of light complexion, has a fine forehead and well-cut features. His profile is particularly fine. Although always dressed in the latest style, he is not inclined to foppishness, but is always neat in dress. In manners, Mr. Aldrich is very courteous and exceedingly refined. He is 49 years of age, and resides in Boston.

BERIN'S FOLLY.

THE HOUSE THAT COULD BE AND DID NOT SUFFER.
By VIRGINIA B. HARRISON in The Sunday Springfield Republican.

Among the mountains in the western part of Pennsylvania lies the Black Log Valley. More than half a century ago, the valley was owned by a wealthy Philadelphia, who, charmed by its wild beauty, determined at all costs to have there a summer home. He who knows Philadelphia needs not to be told how dear to the heart of its citizen is the red brick. So it will occasion no surprise when I tell you that Berin's Folly, as it was called for years, was built of brick,—though every brick had to be carted sixty miles. Then wagon loads of furniture set out from the banks of the Delaware, crept wearily to the Susquehanna, and traversing the rough roads over mountains and through gaps, reached Black Log, where the great double-door of the "Folly" swallowed up their contents. Then came the family in their own carriage. And for that summer life in Black Log Valley was Arcadia. But the journey home was cold, tiresome and dispiriting, so the next spring an agent came, sold the furniture at auction, and left the "Folly" watching through its two dormer windows in the roof, far down the valley and over Kearney's Gap, for the loaded furniture wagon and grand carriage that never came again.

For years the mansion stood there, harassed by wind and weather, helpless to defend itself. Now a blast would tear off a shutter. Now a gust twined the shingles from the roof or battered in a window. And one long winter the snow pressed and pressed with cruel persistence, until worn out by the struggle, the roof gave way, carrying its tormentor with it, to be an agent of destruction inside the house.

At length Black Log valley was divided into farms and passed into other hands. And the tumble-down "Folly" came by inheritance into the possession of a man as ruined and wretched as itself. John Fay had been very clever as a boy. In early manhood his mind had been brilliant but not well balanced. At 30 he was an inventor, always hopeful, always visionary, generally unsuccessful. And now at 35 his mind had partially given way under repeated failures and consequent ill-fortune. Inheriting the old house and an exceedingly small income, he, his wife, and little stepson became the new inmates of Berin's "Folly."

The boy Martin was like his mother, sweet and delicate-looking. He had been a handsome child five years before, but by an accident was injured—and although 10 years old, his little crippled form made him seem much younger. Mrs. Fay and her son lived a sorry life. The husband was insane enough to be unaccountable—and always a high tempered man, his passion was now often furious. And many a night when the old house moaned and shivered it was not for its own misfortunes but for theirs.

Marty loved two living things—his mother and Scrap the dog. It was not much of a dog—this little yellow dog—but it loved him in return, was his constant companion through the day, and if it could elude the eye of the master, who hated it, followed the boy as he slowly crept upstairs to bed and close to the little fellow through the long dark hours. There were queer noises in the ruined house at night. The tumble-down stairs creaked as if some one were coming up them—indefinable sounds crept backward and forward along the hall, and the walls creaked and groaned. If Marty had known what a great, kindly presence these walls were about him, he would have nestled up to Scrap just as lovingly but not so fearfully.

One sorrowful morning the dog was missing, and after long search Marty found him off in the woods grievously wounded. It was a sad meeting. The boy knelt by poor Scrap, petting and caressing him, calling him every endearing name. In return the suffering dog looked the love he could not speak and Marty laid his face on the ground close to his playfellow's head and sobbed as if his heart would break. What if it was only a miserable mongrel cur? Marty loved nothing better except his mother, and to her he hurried for help. His poor little body could scarcely support itself, and even Scrap was too heavy a burden for him to carry. It was dinner-time, and with his step-father's wild eyes upon him, he sat down at the table, ate a few mouthfuls and slipped the rest of the food into his pocket for the dog. Fay saw this and asked in a thundering voice what he was doing and bade him put it back on the plate saying, "It is enough to have to provide for you with wasting food on dogs." Marty, trembling, put back only part of the bread. Fay appeared not to notice this and bides his time. The boy lingered, hoping to speak to his mother alone, but could get no opportunity, and finally slipped away to take the food in his pocket to his wounded friend. Fay followed.

Beside a fallen tree lay Marty weeping pitifully—and close to him Scrap was stretched out in too much pain to utter the tale of food before him. Fay was instantly angry, and as the first blow fell from his walking stick it struck both boy and dog—but Marty threw his little twisted body so as to shield poor Scrap—and as the blows continued he still lay in that position crying, "O father! O father!" He was not calling John Fay father. He never called him that. Perhaps he was beseeching aid from his heavenly Father. Perhaps he was dimly remembering the half-forgotten father of his babyhood. I know not—but I know no help came.

At length the demented man was satisfied and returned to the house, leaving the now unconscious child on the ground—the two sufferers side by side. It was nearly night-fall when Mrs. Fay found them, and crying over Marty carried him, O so tenderly, in her arms and laid him in his bed. Then catching his whisper, "Scrap," she left him, and rushing back to the woods soon returned with her darling's wounded dog and laid him, too, on the bed. Even under the influence of an unsettled mind, John Fay's anger, though often boisterous, had never been brutal before—and for the first time the frail little woman was afraid of her husband. He had seen her carry the child and dog

into the house, and when she came downstairs he started wildly from his chair, saying, "I'll put an end to this—I'll kill them both!"

Mrs. Fay darted ahead of him and stood at the top of the stairs begging him to go back into the kitchen. But on he rushed until when about half-way up he stumbled and fell heavily. What thrills ran through the old house from garret to cellar and how it trembled and shook with the supreme effort it was making! The timbers that had long since failed to support the rickety stairs, staggered backward and forward for a minute, then collapsed with a crash. And as the trembling woman on the landing above saw with mingled horror and relief her husband disappear with the wreck of the staircase, the "Folly," time worn and weather-beaten, pulled itself together with some of its old pride—for Marty was saved.

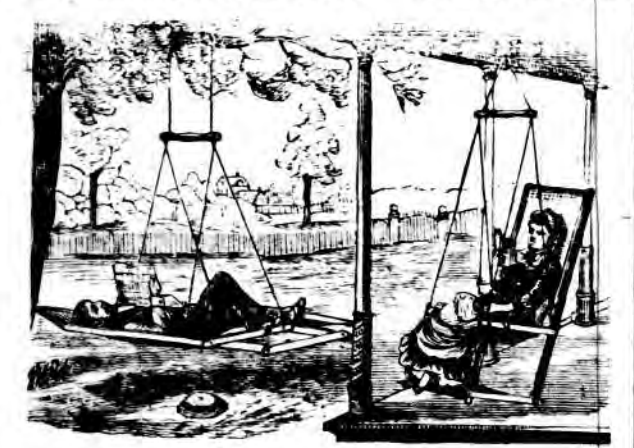
It was a different John Fay who months afterward walked out of the great double door, from the one who fell with the rickety stairs. The shock or rest and quiet or medical care, or perhaps all combined, had restored the unbalanced mind—the fragile woman by his side had lost her look of fear and anxiety. There was a happier light in the little crimp's eyes than had shone there for years—and the small yellow dog, though he had only three legs to travel on, was traversing pleasant paths and was far more contented looking than when he had four.

As the group walked a little way down the valley, the old house sighed with satisfaction, and as the melting snow dripped slowly from the dormer windows in the roof, one could almost fancy that the "Folly" was weeping—perhaps bitter tears for its own fate—perhaps joyful ones for that of the others.

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